

Hopkinsville Kentuckian.

Published Every Other Day,
TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SATURDAY
MORNINGS, BY
CHAS. M. MEACHAM.

Published at the Hopkinsville Postoffice as Second
Class Mail Matter.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:

ONE YEAR.....\$2.00
SIX MONTHS.....1.00
THREE MONTHS......50
SINGLE COPIES......5c

Advertising Rates on Applications
212 SOUTH MAIN STREET.

George Wingfield declined the appointment as United States Senator from Nevada, and former Chief Justice W. A. Massey has been appointed.

Closing the fiscal year of 1912 with a surplus of \$36,385,830, the Federal Treasury opened for business July 1 with a total of \$99,360,000 in its steel-ribbed vaults.

Whom the gods would destroy, they first make mad. Champ hit Baltimore very angry and his managers lost no time in sending him back to Washington.

Part of the American squadron that has been on duty in Cuban waters has sailed for home and the remainder will be on its way within the next day or so.

The biggest mistake Champ Clark ever made was to vote against one of his own instructed delegates for temporary chairman of the convention. But for that blunder he would have won in an early ballot.

The lists closed with five candidates for Governor in Tennessee before the Democratic primary. They are Benton McMillen, W. S. Faulkner, W. R. Crabtree, Thos. J. Tyne and T. R. Preston.

State Banking Commissioner Thos. J. Smith organized his force July 1 by the appointment of Rankin Reville as deputy commissioner. C. Roland Richards, of Louisville; John B. Chenault, of Maysville, and E. J. Bess, of Shelbyville, were named as examiners.

A Hero in a Lighthouse.

For years J. S. Donahue, South Haven, Mich., a civil war captain, as a lighthouse keeper, averted awful wrecks, but a queer fact is, he might have been a wreck himself, if Electric Bitters had not prevented. "They cured me of kidney trouble and chills," he writes, "after I had taken other so called cures for years, without benefit and they also improved my sight. Now, at seventy, I am feeling fine." For dyspepsia, indigestion, all stomach, liver and kidney troubles, they're without equal. Try them. Only 50 cents at all druggists.

Weather For The Week.

Following is the weather bureau bulletin for the present week: Warm weather will prevail during the next few days in the great central valleys, and a change to considerably warmer weather will overspread the lake region and the eastern States and temperatures above the seasonal average will continue in these regions thereafter until after the close of the week. In the Northwestern States the prevailing warm weather will give way to moderate temperature changes. Normal temperature is probable during the week in the South Atlantic and Gulf States and generally west of the Rocky Mountains. The rainfall during the week will probably average below the normal, but will be fairly well distributed. No important storm area is charted to cross the country during the week.

A Girl's Wild Mid-Night Ride.

To warn people of a fearful forest fire in the Catskills a young girl rode horseback at midnight and saved many lives. Her deed was glorious but lives are often saved by Dr. King's New Discovery in curing lung trouble, coughs and colds, which might have ended in consumption or pneumonia. "It cured me of a dreadful cough and lung disease," writes W. R. Patterson, Wellington, N. Y., "after four in our family had died with consumption, and I gained 87 pounds." Nothing so sure and for all throat and lung troubles 50c and \$1.00. Trial bottle

PREFERRED LOCALS

See J. H. Dagg for contracting building and general repair work of all kinds. Phone 476.

FOR—Fresh candy and quick sales, made today and sold tomorrow, call on—P. J. BRESLIN.

FOR SALE—Forty head shoats weighing about 60 pounds each.
G. E. BREWER,
Clarksville Pike, 2 miles from Hopkinsville. Home Phone 101-2.

Lots for Homes.

Three residence lots on Canton Pike and West 17th Street so cheap you can't afford to miss one for a home.
John C. Duffy.

City Taxes Now Due.

The books for the collection of city taxes for 1912 are now in my hands and taxes are due on and after July 1.

JOHN W. RICHARDS,
City Tax Collector.

Wheat Wanted.

We want to buy your wheat and will pay the highest market price. Will furnish new sacks on liberal terms. See us before you try anything.

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To loan on first-class real estate security. The T.S. KNIGHT & CO.

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Lot nice driving horses and family horses not afraid of automobiles.
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LAST WARNING.

All property upon which delinquent taxes for the years 1908 and 1909 are not paid by July 15, 1912, will be advertised for sale. This is the last warning and no further time will be given.

W. S. DAVISON,
Delinquent Collector
City Taxes for 1908-09.

T. S. Knight & Co

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and Insurance. Office
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Want a Clerk
Want a Partner
Want a Situation
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Want to Sell Your Groceries
Want to Sell Your Hardware
Want Customers for Anything
Advertise Weekly in This Paper.
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Advertising Keeps Customers
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Advertising Shows Energy
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Advertise Well
ADVERTISE
At Once

In This Paper

I. W.
HARPER
KENTUCKY
WHISKEY

A Plum Pie and a Personage

By Martha McCulloch-Williams

(Copyright, 1912, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Man has his will, but woman has her way," Harleth quoted with elaborate mock deference, his hand on his heart, as he bowed himself away from Mrs. Austell.

She sent two looks after him, though others were crowding round her. In her way she was a personage, at least when she left herself be persuaded to give one of her intimate talks on life and things, in somebody's parlor. Critical folk said she could die with a happy consciousness that she must have advocated the right things at least half her time, since she had a habit of believing everything—and going about proclaiming her belief of the time.

Just now she was ardent for suffrage. Militancy seemed to her the finest thing in the world, a flame of pure martyr enthusiasm which was bound to lighten the world. Yet—that persistent Harleth had dared to laugh of her eulogies of window breaking instead of being converted to them. It was intolerable. She must somehow punish him, even if she had to go to the length of captivating him. He deserved no less. Then, too, might it not be possible thus to win him over to the cause?

Mentally she took stock of herself. She was still very beautiful, if a bit full-blown; she had fortune, position, the prestige of family. And though she had openly vowed herself to the cause, if she could win it so eloquent an advocate by the sacrifice of her liberty, it was clearly her duty to do it. Votes for women might look differently to him through the vista of a wedding ring. And it should be a yellow wedding. On that she decided instantly—with girl ushers and twenty bridesmaids at least. The parson would have to be masculine. He must at least be a bishop; and the odious masculine injustice kept women from that high dignity. Yet, on the whole, she was quite reconciled to the bishop—he would give the need accent of contrast and so enhance the distinction of it all.

Certainly a strategist or diplomat of the first water was smothered in her by petticoats. She had come to Highview, Harleth's aristocratic home suburb, to stay but a day and night. Yet she so managed matters that she appeared to be constrained against her will to stay there a week. Every day of the week brought her some touch with Harleth. Every day, also, in a manner deepened her determination to snatch him a brand from the burning of his unbelief. Too wise, too feminine, to thrust herself upon

do no less than invite her to everything. More than half the time she stayed away, or rather went home after seeing everything was as good as it could be made. But to one afternoon company rather early in the game she stayed. What she saw determined her to do several things.

She ordered in haste, from the city, two frocks quite eclipsing anything in Highview. Next she waved her hair, and after that she took her grandmother's silver and jewelry out of the bank, filled her house with flowers, lights and people, and gave a final party for the advocate of suffrage. "A blow out" was her own phrase for it, she being of the sort that speaks straight as it thinks. All this meant, of course, that she would be very busy.

Mrs. Austell was charmed at the thought of coming. The other woman's name was Vanmere, her home a true colonial house, full of antiques. Moreover, Edith Vanmere herself had appeared very receptive. It would be only a less triumph for the cause to convert her than to take Harleth captive for life.

It annoyed her a trifle to find that Miss Vanmere laid heavy commands on Harleth; also, that he obeyed them meekly, even when obedience took him from her presence.

"Ed thinks she owns me—and I reckon she does come near it," he explained to the visitor, who did her best to mask discomfiture with an engaging smile. The smile might have faded had she been able to read the Vanmere mind. Edith had seen through her—Edith would have none of her sort in the family. Moreover, if William Harleth was by way of being a fool in some things, he was a gentleman, also helpless—being a man. Edith must save him. She was nearly as much interested in doing it as in the entirely new plum cake she was evolving for the party.

Many schemes came to her. One by one she turned them over in her mind and dismissed them as impractical. Then all in a flash the solution came—so simple it made her blush to think she had overlooked it. Two bodies cannot occupy the same space, not even when the bodies are ringers, the space a wedding ring. The only real salvation for William Harleth, now that women were grown so bold, was a wedding ring, set fast by law and gospel upon the right finger.

Harleth was bidden to dine with her before the party. Notwithstanding its imminence, notwithstanding Edith's labors for it, the dinner was as perfect as a dinner could be. At the end there were samples of the delectable plum cake. The response it evoked from Harleth was a sufficient reward.

Later when the crowd had gathered, a crowd that held the best of all Highview, it gasped a bit to see Edith in trailing cloth of silver, softened with illusion and old lace, jewels gleaming upon a neck that was singularly smooth and white, and nodding above hair pulled in wavy masses above a smooth brow. She looked what she was, a grande dame. But underneath the grandeur there was the same bubbling good humor, and sharp, clean-cut speech. Enery was no bar to her special ministrations when it came to serving supper. She made three of the richest men present wait upon Mrs. Austell under her own direct supervision. When it came to the plum cake Mrs. Austell exclaimed:

"This is not food—nectar, or maybe ambrosia, rather! Dear Miss Vanmere, life owes you something for it. I feel you are going to be one of us. Pray, pray tell me, what we shall demand for you when we come to our own in reward for anything so heavenly."

"Oh, nothing," Edith said, laughing softly.

"Nothing!" Mrs. Austell echoed.

"You are unjust to yourself."

"I think not—you see I have my reward," Edith answered saucily, though her color mounted.

"You see, I told Billy—Mr. Harleth—tonight, I shouldn't ever make any more of this cake until I made it for—my husband—and he proposed at once."

Proper Point of View.

Secretary Wilson of the department of agriculture was praising in Washington the agricultural school at Cornell. "It is a practical school," he said. "It wastes no time on useless things. It teaches practical and scientific farming. The school's viewpoint reminds me of the young farmer who was asked: 'Which should you say—a setting hen or a sitting hen?' 'It's immaterial which one says,' the farmer answered. 'But it's tremendously material, on the other hand, that we should ask ourselves when a hen cackles—'Has she been laying, or is she lying?'"

Gunboat a Hoodoo.

The old gunboat Bennington, which was one of the early vessels of the new navy, and whose career caused her to be regarded as a hoodoo ship, is reported from California to have been sold to the Mexican government. It was while lying in San Diego harbor some years ago that one of her boilers burst, killing five of the crew and seriously wounding a score of others. Soon afterward she was sold for old junk, and the junk men, after removing her fixtures, endeavored to blow out her interior portions with dynamite.

Their Special Locality.

"Mom, the doctor says Cousin Sally has the shingles."

"Poor thing!"

"Mom, are they in the roof of her mouth?"

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